UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

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FRIENDSHIP

[*From the French of Eugene de Laulay.*]

Upon all the earth encloses
Falls some sparkle of the sun,
Every thorn-tree has its roses,
Day comes when the night is done.

For the meadow—grass unfurling,
For the field—the ripening grain,
For the air—the eagle's whirling,
Nests God sheltered from the rain.

For each tree—green leaves up-growing,
Flowers and honey for the bee,
Murmurs for the waves out-flowing,
Tombs for clay when souls are free.

So the world, all things inclining
Toward which for all is best,
Gave the flower to branches pining,
Friends, to ease the heart's unrest.

JESSIE WELBORN SMITH.

Dr. Burt G. Wilder, of Cornell University, writes in the *New York Tribune*: "Thirty years ago I predicted that public expectoration would be forbidden by law; a like prediction is now made as to public smoking. Especially should it be prohibited in all public offices, city, county, state and national, including the lobbies of postoffices and custom houses, and places for voting and registration. The discontinuance of the now almost universal custom of smoking at banquets and other social functions cannot be expected until the self-imposed habit is generally recognized as needless, costly, and more or less deleterious. Meantime non-smokers must choose between non-attendance and mephitics."

In one of his letters to Theodore Parker, Herndon said of Lincoln that "in his practical life he was spiritual." If one may reverse those words and say, "in his spiritual life he was practical," they would describe the ministry of Dr. Washington Gladden. When his fellow-citizens at Columbus, Ohio, gathered recently to celebrate the 50th anniversary of his ordination to the ministry, the Mayor of the city and the Governor of the state agreed in describing him as "the first citizen of Columbus!" The story of his ministry, as told in his delightful "Recollections," is a record in which his younger fellow-workers find an honorable pride and a noble example. Amid his varied activities as preacher, author, citizen, administrator, and man of public affairs, he has kept the simple and tender faith which found voice in his hymn, in which he may live longer than in any of his books.

"O Master, let me walk with thee,
In lowly paths of service free,
In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way."

Samuel Walter Foss, whose death will leave a lonesome place in many a heart, was no "idle singer of an empty day." For him today was big with the promise of the larger tomorrow of more liberty and more actual justice for man, and a world filling up with those "large, eternal fellows, who do the thing that needs to be done for the fun of it." He was no "bard sublime," but he did see and sing the substances behind the forms in a kind of rhymed common-sense, with a touch at times of the wilding air,—blending a sort of untrammeled democracy of spirit, deriving from Walt Whitman with a wit and humor and shrewdness of the best Yankee sort. Mockery, keen but kindly, was his forte, as when, in the allegory of "The Calf Path," he portrayed the folly of custom, its unthinkingness in following the route made by a fool calf through the woods, which at last became a crooked street in a city. There was sound sense in his rollicking lines, and good humor and a firm-textured faith in God and man, and the essence of things that are real.

"Who listens to the Eternal Voice is delivered from many an opinion," wrote a sage of the spiritual life long ago, and it is a good motto for Lent. He will be delivered from many opinions about the value, power and efficacy of prayer itself, which some seem to think has been argued out of existence. But that is to err, for today as of old, despite our smart and clever wisdom, the human heart is a fountain of prayer. "All prayers come true," said Emerson, "therefore be careful what you pray for." Even those who seek without any satisfactory finding may take heart in the words of the great Frenchman who, after much doubt and questioning, learned the truth so vividly that he seemed to have heard a voice speaking: "Be comforted! had you not found Me you would not seek Me." The sought-for is also the search, and there is no surer sign that we have found the Eternal than that we are still seeking him.

"More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of."

"Now granted that life is tragic to the marrow, it seems the proper function of religion to make us accept and serve in that tragedy, as officers in that other and comparable one of war. Service is the word, active service, in the military sense; and the religious man—I beg pardon, the pious—is he who has a military joy in duty, not he who weeps over the wounded."

These words of Stevenson come to mind as one reads the last issue of the *Survey*, a periodical admirably edited and almost indispensable to those who would keep in touch with the progress of social forces among us and which unites accuracy and care in reporting the advance to better things, with a spirit at once lofty, sagacious and inspiring in the interpretation of that slow but increasingly rapid advance. The issue of March 4 discusses "The Church Preparing for Social Action" in a manner to put heart into those who have waited long to see the church renew her youth and usefulness by obeying its great commission not only of individual salvation but of social ministry. The things therein reported make the heart beat faster with nameless prophecies of what David Swing called "The Greater Tomorrow."

The Co-operative Brotherhood

The kingdom of heaven is not coming as long as the class conflict goes on, no matter how much we keep on saying, "Thy kingdom come!" And the class conflict will go on as long as the wage system continues in operation, no matter how much the preachers cry, "Peace!" and the people shout, "Amen!" No degree of inward grace is going to stop the force of the outward fact; the ugly fact must itself be abolished.

That this presents difficulties, no one needs to be told. And the actual difficulties are sufficient without multiplying hypothetical ones. But it is the part always of the opposition to a reform to roll up hypothetical difficulties and magnify them till they stand mountain high. When the Socialist has pointed out the impossibility of ending the struggle between capital and labor short of co-operative production, he is told by those who prefer the conflict to that remedy for it that the laboring class does not possess in itself the requisite managing ability, will not or cannot pay for it, or will not be amenable to it if obtained; from which it follows that co-operative enterprises must fail. This representation obscures and is meant to obscure the real difficulty, which is lack of capital. The Socialist contends that as the State has poured out millions to help rich companies to build railroads, it may very properly do the same for co-operative industry, whose furtherance is of more vital importance to the Republic than any railroad. If money for this purpose cannot be spared from the building of warships, let it be taken from the proceeds of a 50 per cent inheritance-tax on large fortunes, which Mr. Carnegie has suggested. There would be eminent fitness in this, for it would be giving back to the toilers a fraction of that part of their earnings which they have been despoiled of,—they, or their fathers,—for, admitting that the enterprise of captains of industry is entitled to its full reward from the product, the fact remains and is notorious that it has been rewarded, or rather has rewarded itself, beyond measure.

What the country needs to set about doing is the accumulation of a collective capital, not in the shape of gold and silver piled away in the vaults of the treasury department, but in the shape of forests and mines, farms and factories, in which co-operative labor can have a field, delivered from any bondage to private capital. When such a step is taken and such a field is offered, the question of finding managing ability and the other question of enforcing managerial authority will settle themselves.

Working in this direction is working toward providing the conditions for the coming of the kingdom of heaven. There are other furtherances to be sought, but certainly the outward conditions are essential and naturally the first to seek. N. M.

Kenosha, Wis.

The Betterment of the Human Lot

In following the command, "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life," and in studying our current social system, for in it I thought I discerned much resembling eternal death, I have found perhaps the single Bible text in which Capitalism might claim a Christian basis. It is the declaration of Jesus, "To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath little (or hath not) shall be taken away even that which he hath."

If I have misread, and this particular bit of Scripture is not the Gospel of the Trust, the Gospel of the Protective Tariff, the Gospel of a Predatory Army and Navy, the Gospel of Congressional and Legislative Graft, the Gospel of Ship-Subsidies, the Gospel of the Sweatshop, the Gospel of the White-Slave Traffic, the Gospel of Race Injustice, the Gospel of the Whiskey and Tobacco Trade,—in a word, the Gospel of the Devil and his Angels,—then I must go on searching, and perhaps search in larger and more modern Scriptures.

A large part of the world's teaching in the past, religious and social, has been the instilling of patience under the sufferance of wrong; has been the dissuading of men from rebellion against hardnesses; the inculcating of resignation to all sorts of things evil. But the old order changeth, giving place to new, in this as well as in everything else. We are beginning to see, today, that there is something better than the

preaching simply of quiescence. The call today is for teaching which shall suggest some remedy for the ills of the human lot, and which shall incite men to struggle to uplift and throw off the burdens which harass them; the burdens which to a large extent cause the griefs. The "practical" teaching today is not "to bear," but to better.

One scripture "more modern" might be Browning:

"I act for, talk for, live for this world now,
As this world calls for action, life, and talk—
No prejudice to what next world may prove,
Whose new laws and requirements my best pledge
To observe them is that I observe these now,
Doing hereafter what I do meanwhile.
Let us concede (gratuitously though)
Next life relieves the soul of body, yields
Pure spiritual enjoyments: well, my friend,
Why lose this life in the meantime, since its use
May be to make the next life more intense?"

Another "more modern" scripture might be Victor Hugo:

"In the twentieth century war will be dead, the scaffold will be dead, royalty will be dead, and dogmas will be dead; but man will live. For all, there will be but one country,—that country the whole earth; for all, there will be but one hope,—that hope the whole heaven. All hail then to that noble twentieth century, which shall own our children, and which our children shall inherit."

We are eleven years along in that twentieth century which Hugo foresaw. How is it with us and with it, and what is our children's prospect? Was Hugo but one more Isaiah? Was he but like Jesus, like Lassalle? In his "Isaiah of Jerusalem," Matthew Arnold reminds us that "prophets are apt to place the date of coming events too soon." Jesus said to those standing by, "This generation shall not pass till all these things are fulfilled." Lassalle said, "In fifty years." The harrowing thing about the delay is that the beginning of the regeneration might be immediate,—that in constitutional countries, countries having popular suffrage, it might begin with the next election,—while still those having eyes see not, and those having ears hear not, and those having votes continue to cast them for the despoilers. A public teacher recently claimed that Phineas T. Barnum was wrong when he said that "men liked to be humbugged." The public teacher referred to, claimed, rather, that men resent being humbugged. I wish they would prove that they do—at the polls.

There is "piety" that is sin. There is miscalled "religion" that is sin. There is "party fealty" that is sin. There is party fealty that is slavery and that induces and perpetuates slavery. "Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow."

But in this age the blow can and should be dealt only through the ballot.

It is a growing contention, in the thinking rank and file of both the current dominant political parties, that in neither of them is there any hope longer of better things. Singularly enough, there is at the identical time a struggling new party which presents fairer and loftier ideals and deeds. Wherever it is given opportunity it abundantly "makes good," though naturally its opportunities thus far have been small. It should have larger testing. The present year, "All eyes on Milwaukee."

It "makes good"—this new party—because it improves upon the olden text, and says, "To him that hath shall be given the opportunity to prove his worthiness of that which he hath; and to him that hath not shall be given the opportunity to secure what is rightfully his, but of which thus far he has always been deprived."

I myself am a voter in that new party. I find every day fresh comrades, like-minded. We are saying, "Nobody shall be coerced to come with us, yet all shall be welcomed." In time we may be able to gather at the polls a sufficient host to secure the legitimate object of government. If we are asked, "What is the legitimate object of government?" we are willing to let Abraham Lincoln answer:

"The legitimate object of government is to do for the community of people whatever they need to have done, but cannot so well do for themselves in their separate and individual capacities."

This much at least seems simple and self-evident. But how far ought we to go—at any rate, where ought we to stop—in the endeavor to secure this object? We ask to go no further than Abraham Lincoln suggested is proper. In a speech in Congress he said:

"This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government, they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it, or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it."

"Any people anywhere, being inclined and having the power, have the right to rise up and shake off the existing government, and form a new one that suits them better. This is a most valuable, a most sacred right—a right which we hope and believe is to liberate the world."

What are we here for in this realm of beauty and opportunity and power, if not century by century to better the human lot?

What are we here for, brothers mine,
Upon this Road of Life?
What mean for us the stars that shine,
The fields with beauty rife?
What power hath Truth to stir our zeal?
What cry hath human need?
'Mid earth's conflicting woe and weal,
What voices should we heed?

What are we here for? Here to grow
In every grace divine!
The beauty of the world to know,
And in its beauty shine;
To follow Truth where'er it lies,
Through loneliness and scorn;
To hold earth's bounty equal prize
Of every child that's born.

What are we here for in this maze
Which no man yet hath solved?
Here to achieve the noblest days
Since first the sphere revolved!
Not ours to dull the soul with mirth,
Outdrowning human groan,
But ours to sublimate the earth
And bring Man to his own.

JAMES HARCOURT WEST.

Boston.

Is Unitarianism For College Men Only?

Because a great truth or a new idea necessarily only attracts a few disciples at the beginning, we sometimes make the mistake of thinking that it is only meant for the few. The advanced position of liberal churches has sometimes led to this false assumption. Judging only from the emphasis with which some Unitarians insist on placing and financing churches in college towns, it would appear that Unitarianism was only adapted to the college mind. When it is remembered that the Unitarians have the same right as the orthodox to enter new communities and begin a church that from the beginning shall be the House of God for the people, when it is remembered that Unitarians—if we keep them for our illustrations—enter college communities where there are already a number of other churches, when it is remembered that the modern world is caring less and less for the correctness of a religious formula or the reasonableness of a sect, and more and more for the efficacy and humanitarian religiousness of a church, it seems rather a shortsighted policy that spends missionary money for churches unable to support themselves in church-choked college communities, while neglecting to build the House of God in the little communities that are rising everywhere in our land. New England is loyally Unitarian, not so much because Unitarianism satisfies the intellectual needs of the religious New Englander, but because all his days this church has symbolized for him the best in heaven and earth. Let the churches of the West do the same, whether Unitarian or Presbyterian, counting it of more importance to hold such an intimate and primary relation to the new community than to support a preaching platform to reach college men. The Unitarians at least should remember that the bigotry and narrowness, dogmatism and religious ignorance that for so many years they have combatted exist more in the minds of the men and women of out-of-the-way communities than in the minds of those who are receiving the fine American education that is given at our universities.

E. A. R.

Editorial Correspondence

Savannah is a city beautiful in its streets, rich in its traditions, happy in its citizenship. It is the city of Oglethorpe, Whitefield, and the Wesleys, whose memories are perpetuated in monuments and institutions. It is a city of broa dstreets, attractive parks and extensive parade grounds. It is a city, notwithstanding its bitter war memories, that is still boastful of its military department,—four companies of militia, with the necessary equipment of armories, arsenals, and popular pride. "Why don't you fit up some corner of this extensive parade ground with an up-to-date apparatus for the amusement and development of the children that now swarm on the walks on roller skates as their only resource?" I asked.

"Oh, the militia will not allow it; the soldiers are very jealous of these grounds," was the reply. When I deplored the armories and suggested that they be disposed of and the money used in building a fitting home for the public library, which is now in inadequate and borrowed quarters, a wise, cool-headed business man said, "It will come to that; it is hard to keep up the military companies. Their muster rolls are growing shorter and shorter every year." But on commenting upon this military survival and the hope of its decline to an enthusiastic young lady, she saw in the "Boy Scout" movement hopeful indications that the military spirit would be kept up in Savannah.

Notwithstanding the activities and enthusiasm of the "Daughters of the Confederacy," who are too active, as it seems to me, in keeping alive the traditions of the "Lost Cause," and the fact that the school children are taught to believe that Jefferson Davis was a greater man than Abraham Lincoln, still

"The old order changeth, giving place to new."

The brightest spots in Savannah are the four free kindergartens, one of them sustained by the "Council of Jewish Women," and three by the "Kate Baldwin Free Kindergarten Association." Tne name of Baldwin is one to conjure by. The benignant face of the blessed mother in whose honor the gracious institutions are maintained, looks down from the walls as in benediction. This is the same Baldwin family that blessed Boston with its William H. Baldwin, who for so many years made potent the Christian Union. William H. Baldwin, Jr., was cousin to this George Baldwin, the Savannah benefactor. The former proved that a man may become a railroad president and at the same time be a great philanthropist, a man who could justify a great salary by a splendid administration of the same in the interest of humanity. Of course George Baldwin, the patron of these kindergartens, is diligently at work trying to introduce the kindergarten system into the public schools, and almost as a matter of course the energetic and efficient supervisor of this system, Miss Hortense Orcutt, is Massachusetts born and Unitarian bred.

But the progressive spirit is not cconfined to Northern importations. The house in which General Sherman made his headquarters is now occupied by an ex-confederate general, who is chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Georgia State Agricultural College for colored students, a thriving institution,

whose beautiful campus consists of a stately ancestral estate, rich in splendid trees and beautiful walks, situated at Thunderbolt, some four miles beyond the city limits. On Sunday afternoon last it was my privilege to speak to some three hundred of these wide-awake students, who come from all parts of Georgia for the purpose of fitting themselves to become successful tillers of the soil. One hundred more local students were at their homes in the city. President Wright is a man who has grown gray in the service of the institution, which, like Booker T. Washington, he created out of nothing. He has directed its growing career for nearly 30 years.

Last year, as the readers of UNITY know, I discovered Isaac Fisher, head of a similar institution in Arkansas. This year President Wright adds one more name to the list of those who prove that Mr. Washington is not a freak without companions in his race.

My week's stay at Savannah is at an end. My eight addresses, with the exception of the one at Thunderbolt, were delivered in the Jewish temple under the auspices of Rabbi George Solomon and his active supporters. The experiment proves that here as elsewhere the Jewish temple is a convenient meeting ground for those interested in cultural subjects. The non-Jewish listeners were at home in this Jewish temple when the messages of Emerson, Browning, Ibsen and Tolstoy were under discussion, and they attended in goodly numbers.

Today I find myself in the historic city of Charleston and have postponed the sightseeing long enough to send this word of greeting to the friends who read UNITY.

More anon. JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

Charleston, S. C. March 10, 1911.

Smith's "Spirit or the American Constitution"

A political constitution, like a religious creed, can only meet the needs of succeeding periods by constant revision. One of the greatest limitations on popular government, as on religious faith, is the inelasticity of organization founded on ancient documents. Even if the United States constitution were as marvelous as our political superstition has made most Americans believe, it could hardly be expected to meet the needs of the twentieth century. The little handful of American colonies, forced to co-operate by the need of a common defense, could not possibly plan an adequate government for a continent-wide nation. The flexibility of the constitution would have been greater and it might not need now so much modification, had the revolutionary enthusiasm of 1776 continued until 1789, but the discredited loyalists and men of wealth had been able to reassert themselves at the time of the adoption of the constitution and so it embodied their disbelief in the self-governing capacity of the American people. Only six of the fifty-six men who signed the Declaration of Independence sat in the constitutional convention.

Not only did the constitution embody restrictions founded on the belief that the people could not be trusted to govern themselves, but it was made so difficult of amendment that even the increasing education of the masses has not yet been able to alter its unpopular features. The most enlightened governments of Europe and Australasia make constitutional amendment much easier than it is in the United States. Therefore the United States government is more like the old aristocratic forms than the government of Great Britain, France, Australia, or Switzerland.

It was not only made difficult to modify the constitution, but the supreme court was given a power of interpretation which makes it another legislative body. The people's representatives in Great Britain interpret their constitution. As Professor Smith says: "Though professing to follow the English model, the framers of the constitution as a matter of fact rejected it. They not only gave the federal judges a life tenure, but made that tenure unqualified and absolute, the power which parliament had to demand the removal of judges being carefully withheld from the American congress. . . . . It is easy to see in the exaltation of the federal judiciary a survival of the old mediaeval doctrine that the king can do no wrong. In fact, much the same attitude of mind which made monarchy possible may be seen in this country in our attitude toward the supreme court."

In addition to the difficulty of changing the government of the United States, its form is much less representative than is popularly supposed. The president and the senators are elected indirectly, and given the treaty-making and appointing power, which was withheld from the popularly elected house. The president is given a veto, which congress can only over-ride by two-thirds majority. Congress assembles thirteen months after election, leaving one session in the hands of men frequently discredited by the election results. The committee system of that body, elected directly by the people, is the place where popular legislation can be buried or mutilated. As Ambassador Bryce says: "A system better adapted to the purposes of the lobbyist could not be devised. It gives facilities for the exercise of underhand and even corrupt influence. In a small committee, the voice of each member is well worth securing, and may be secured with little danger of a public scandal."

CHARLES ZEUBLIN.

MY SONG

If I can but sing with the joy that wells
  Into my life today,
Full-tided and strong as the ocean swells
  Seaward into the bay:

Or if I can but sing with the pain I know
  Deep in the heart of me,
Lovingly, truthfully telling it, so
  Others shall feel and see,—

The world will be gladder than it is now,
  Gladder than it has been,
If only my sorrow will teach me how
  To share my joy with men.

Humboldt, Ill. HARRIET LAKE-BURCH.

American Ignorance of Oriental Languages

By Edwin D. Mead

An official of the United States department of Agriculture recently published a rather startling statement about the ignorance of the Chinese and Japanese languages in his own department of the government and the embarrassments resulting from it; and the situation prompted him to some impressive reflections on the bearing of this ignorance, which he with undoubted warrant thinks pervasive, upon our general relations with China and Japan, which are every day becoming more critical and important. Hundreds of millions of the peoples of those countries, he says, looking to us for guidance and cooperation, sending hundreds of men to study our language and institutions, and we doing next to nothing to understand them! There was not a single person among the 11,000 men and women employed in his own great department, he said, capable of translating a short article in scientific Japanese on a subject important to the department, and he cites other similar facts, and draws some sharp morals.

This word from Washington should command attention. It did not come too soon. It touches a matter which has been seriously on the minds of many outside of government circles; and many will desire to reinforce its plea for an immediate attention to the subject by our government and people commensurate with its great importance and the danger in its neglect. I wish to reinforce it. I can perhaps do it in no more definite way than by first repeating here a section from a paper which I prepared a year ago, at the request of a committee concerned with plans for international progress, upon the organs of international publicity which are now chiefly needed in America.

"One most imperative agency which I urge concerns our relations with China and Japan. It should be a monthly journal, called perhaps "The Orient." Our relations with China and Japan are every day becoming momentous—at times portentous. China, which is now so wonderfully awakening, and which will advance in the next fifty years as rapidly as Japan has advanced in the last fifty, has a quarter of the population of the world; yet in the newspaper offices of the United States there is hardly a man who can read the language of China or Japan, whose relations with this country he is discussing so glibly, or who knows at first-hand what those great peoples are thinking and talking about. Japan has important newspapers. The development of an important new native journalism is one of the striking features of the present awakening of China. To depend upon the English journals of Shanghai and Hong Kong for expression of Chinese sentiment is the wildest folly. We must depend upon Chinese scholars and patriots. And our American colleges and universities are beginning to swarm with Chinese and Japanese students. Thanks to our government's magnanimity and honesty in returning the surplus of the Chinese indemnity, we shall presently have 500 Chinese students, picked men, always in our universities, mastering our Western learning and usage and going home to help weave the firm web of international knowledge and fraternity. There are today some forty Chinese students in the new Chinese Club at Harvard University alone. Twice in the last two years a dozen of them have spent the evening with us at our home, in cordial and earnest conference. They are splendid fellows and fine scholars; and many of them would be glad to coöperate in promoting more intelligent mutual understanding between the Orient and ourselves. The monthly journal which I have in mind should contain in each issue translations of a dozen or twenty of the most recent articles in Japanese and Chinese newspapers, articles especially touching international relations, and very especially the relations of China and Japan with the United States. Sufficient space should be given to a careful record of the progress of those countries in all things in which our own people are interested, or ought to be—the advances in education, in government, in social affairs; and there should be adequate editorial discussion. There are splendid English and American scholars in China and Japan—men like Doctor De Forest and Timothy Richard—who would help. Such a journal as this, placed month by month upon the tables of our editors and scholars, in the hands of all our makers of public opinion, would at least bring us into direct touch, into first-hand relations, and save us from ignorance of the life and thought of the Orient; and ignorance is the great danger."

This word touches the mediation to us by Chinese and Japanese scholars of Chinese and Japanese thought. It does not touch the study of the Chinese and Japanese languages and literatures by an adequate body of American scholars. This is of fundamental importance; and in enforcement of its importance I wish to refer to an impressive pamphlet upon "American Ignorance of Oriental Languages," by Dr. J. H. De Forest, published in the invaluable series of pamphlets upon international questions by the American Association for International Conciliation (Substation 84, New York city), which are freely furnished to all who ask for them. Dr. De Forest points out the grave dangers which have actually threatened us from ignorance on the part of our politicians and journalists of the most elementary things in Japanese language and usage.

I was recently present at a dinner in Boston, at which six gentlemen from a large company of Japanese visitors, commercial men and others, traveling through the country, were present. Three of the six spoke English fluently; one indeed had been educated at Amherst, and another was the head of an important Tokio newspaper. Not one of the much larger number of Americans present could speak a word of Japanese, and all the interpreting had to be done by our guests. English has now been made compulsory in the public schools of Japan. We must never forget that there are thousands of scholarly and influential men in China and Japan who know everything that we are saying and thinking, through first-hand touch with our books and papers; while at home here in America we know at first-hand almost nothing of their utterances and their thought. This cannot go on without catastrophe.

There is no nation in the world upon which familiarity with Chinese and Japanese language and literature and politics is so incumbent as it is upon the United States today. Yet to the organization of Oriental studies altogether Germany and France and, at last, England, are much more fully aroused than we; although I am not unacquainted with the worthy plans which are being developed at Columbia University, with the work in California and with other hopeful things among us.

Germany is ahead of England in this matter, although everything would here seem to command English leadership. The Berlin School of Oriental Languages has more than 40 teachers and a budget approaching $50,000 a year. Indeed it is the results of German science here, in the commercial field especially, which have done much to arouse England to more adequate action. "It has become a matter of common knowledge," says the London Times, "that the advantages recently gained by our German and other foreign competitors is largely due to the

fact that the foreign and especially the German commercial man has a superior knowledge of Oriental languages to the Englishman. As a single instance may be quoted the statement by Mr. George Lloyd, who went to the Persian Gulf and Mesopotamia for the board of trade, that the Germans in those regions have discarded the use of any European language in dealing with their clients and send out their invoices in Arabic and Hindustani, whereas the English as a rule use either English or French. But the attention of the commercial houses has been awakened, and the foundation of the School of Chinese in the University of London, now accommodated in King's college, is a proof of the interest of the great China houses in this matter."

In April, 1907, a committee was appointed by the British treasury to consider the organization of Oriental studies in London; and the report of this committee, of which Lord Reay was the chairman, was published in September, 1909.

A better director for such an investigation than Lord Reay could hardly have been found in England. His interest and ability in the work of education are avouched by the fact that he was for seven years chairman of the London School Board, the years of the Board's greatest achievements; that he has been rector of St. Andrew's University and president of University College, London; and his special familiarity with eastern questions appears from the fact that he has been in the past governor of Bombay and under-secretary for India, and is now, I think, the president of the Royal Asiatic Society. His five associates were all men of high position and large experience; and the committee had the cordial co-operation of Dr. Edward Sachan, the director of the Berlin Seminary for Living Oriental Languages, and Prof. Paul Boyer, the director of the Paris School.

A very full summary of the committee's report was given in the *Times* of Sept. 7, 1909, accompanied by an editorial with the caption, "A Chapter of National Inefficiency." It is an impeachment of England for her long neglect of interests so cardinal to her welfare. "As England," said the committee's report, "is the country which above all others has important relations with the East, the fact that no Oriental school exists in its capital is not creditable to the nation;" and this is the thesis which the *Times* expounds. The evidence for the need of preliminary training in Eastern languages, history, religion and customs for persons going out to the East is, it agreed with the committee which reported the evidence, "overwhelmingly great." Some of that evidence is indeed surprising. What could throw a stronger light upon that English obtuseness, lack of sympathy and lack of science which are costing England so dearly in the present rivalry with Germany than the statement of Sir Ernest Satow, so long the ambassador of England at Tokio and at Pekin, that there was "an actual prejudice among Englishmen in China against learning Chinese." The evidence given in the report of Lord Reay's committee tends to show that the knowledge by Indian civilians of Indian languages and of Indian native thought is "less than it was 25 years ago." The Indian study of England, like the Chinese and Japanese study of America, when compared with our own study of those peoples, puts us to shame. I remember that Timothy Richard, that great missionary-statesman, who for more than 30 years has been doing his wonderful work at Shanghai, with his associates translating scores of English books into Chinese and spreading them by thousands through the great empire, said to us with deep feeling when we last met him in England that England and America needed missionaries from China more than China needed missionaries from us; and as one reads reports like this of Lord Reay's committee and pamphlets like those of Doctor De Forest, one understands what he meant.

The total amount available in London for such education as the English committee advised was less than $4,000 a year. The committee urged at once, in addition to the preliminary expenses of establishing a new school of Oriental languages, an annual appropriation of something over $6,000, and the latest advices show that the report and its recommendations are having effect. It recommended provision for the teaching of geography, political, commercial and economic, such as is given at the Berlin Seminar, and urged that the library of the school should be especially maintained as a library of contemporary Oriental literature open to all qualified readers. "Such a library is indispensable to enable the English public through the medium of experts, to be kept in touch with the contemporary thought of Oriental countries, of which the political and commercial importance to our country is rapidly growing." The school, said the committee, should be kept closely in touch with the Eastern peoples, among whom new ideas are rapidly spreading and "old catchwords are dying out or losing their force;" and for this purpose, and for purely linguistic reasons, provision should be made for the teachers of the school to revisit from time to time the country of which they teach the languages.

Some idea of the magnitude of the questions which come within the purview of the committee is given by the statement that the total of the populations speaking the languages which should be provided for by the London School of Oriental Languages is over 800,000,000; that the total trade (imports and exports) between the United Kingdom and the countries where those languages are spoken is over 210,000,000 pounds per annum; and the total imports and exports of those countries amounted five years ago to over 940,000,000 pounds per annum.

"The success of our administrative relations with Oriental races, who are rapidly acquiring from us the elements of Western civilization and culture, must depend more and more largely," said the English committee, "upon our moral influence and upon our intellectual prestige." Happily the United States has no administrative relations with China and Japan; but our commercial, political and social relations with them will in this twentieth century extend more rapidly than those of any other nation. The responsibilities, touching alike our own welfare, their welfare, and the world's welfare, are enormous; and the first duty of responsibility is intelligence and knowledge. An American committee like Lord Reay's English committee on Oriental studies would prescribe schools like that which exists in Berlin at our own national capital and at least three of our great universities, including one on the Pacific coast;

and it would further prescribe generous provision for the higher training of a great body of American students at Tokio and Shanghai or Pekin. On the Pacific coast the work seems likely to be done, and done well, by the University of California, where a strong and noteworthy beginning is already reported; it was recently stated in the *Independent* that 54 students in the university were studying the Chinese language, and 15 were beginning Japanese. This is certainly a cheering augury. President Butler, of Columbia University, who is profoundly interested in this problem and alive to its cardinal importance, is sure to make Columbia a chief center for such studies.

We are too little given to governmental action upon such matters in America. We have not yet a "peace budget." Our people do not yet realize that if we spent a hundredth part of what we waste on battleships in promoting good understanding and fraternity with the peoples with whom our relations are so important and responsible, it would as a mere defensive measure have a hundred times the virtue of the other. Until they realize it, we must look to private and voluntary action. What better could our new World's Peace Foundation or the trustees of the great Carnegie peace funds do, as one important service, than create and sustain a commission of the highest character to study and report upon this whole question of scientific and adequate understanding between this country and China and Japan?

It is not too much to say that simply from the remarkable body of scholars who took part in the recent conference at Clark University on our relations with the Orient—the most important conference on the subject ever held in America—either one of these agencies could choose a commission for this purpose, of the most competent and adequate character. But nothing relieves the American people and their government of the responsibility which is theirs. These matters are matters of the highest public concern; and in the rational future the public money will surely be devoted to establishing intelligent relations with our neighbors and making fast friends of them instead of to building monstrous machines, at monstrous cost, with which to kill them after a sufficient period of misrepresentation and ignorance has made them enemies.

Conscience without reason isn't of the Lord.

Woman, be thankful that you can suffer; the worst trouble in the world is the trouble that does not know God, and so does not suffer.

Lord, I am glad thou hast all us puzzled people in thy wise keeping.

I have no patience with women who worry. Either the thing will happen, or it won't, and sitting up in the cold till one o'clock in the morning won't accomplish anything one way or the other

I suppose most of us know the peculiar ennui of the soul that accompanies the question, "What is the use of it all?" It is a sort of spiritual nausea which is never felt in the stress of agonized living, but only in sterile peace;—we may believe it to be the demand of life for living, for love or hate or grief.

There are certain great angels which meet us in the way of life. Pain is one; failure is one; shame is one. Pain looks us full in the eyes, and we must wrestle with him before he blesses us. Failure brings in his stern hand the peace of renunciation. Shame bears to us the sense of sin, which is the Knowledge of God; his hidden face shines with the mercy of heaven.

—*Margaret Deland in Old Chester Tales.*

CORRESPONDENCE

Victory in Defeat

Dear UNITY:—

I have just read Mr. Holmes's editorial on the "Triumph" of Lorimer. I believe he takes the matter too hard. Nothing helps so much at certain critical times in the upward climb of every reform as a splendid defeat. The action of the United States Senate in continuing Mr. Lorimer in his seat by a majority of four gave a moral shock to the entire country that will prove far more vitalizing and helpful to the cause of honest politics than his rejection would have done. A too quick and easy victory in any good cause is apt to be followed by over-confidence. As our Chicago *Tribune,* which has waged so valiant a battle in this matter now puts it, "the war is now not against Lorimer, but against Lorimerism." This morning it prints a four-page supplement of letters and press clippings from all over the country. The spectacle of the junior member from Illinois still seated in the Senate polluted by his presence, and the sight also of the senior member seated near by, whose vote prevented the expulsion of the other, will have the same moral effect as the attempted murder of Charles Sumner in the same body fifty years ago and the jailing of Garrison in Boston. Good causes feed on just such events which bespeak the moral obliquity of the actors and hasten the hour when public opinion shall have grown sufficiently strong and enlightened to prevent their repetition. None can envy Mr. Lorimer and his friends a victory which bespeaks such plain defeat. Let us not think of it as our defeat. The gods were watching and directing affairs with more than their usual sagacity when they gave those four votes to the side of political greed and rascality and aroused the public confidence to more than four-fold effort to punish and destroy them.

CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY.

THE "SUGAR TRUST"

The maple sugar of pioneer days!
  February bro't the spurt of a run
Of the sap we gathered with steers and sleighs,
  But March bro't us down to the mud and fun,
For mud and sap and fun, are three
  Both comrades, met neath the Maple-tree.

But the mud froze up, and the tree took a rest,
  And Fun "ruled the roost" when we "syruped down;"
And the girls turned out all finely drest,
  'Twas a royal night in the woodsy town,
Spite syrupy gear and tangled hair,
  When March bro't snow, and "bells in the air!"

But the "big run" came at the "third frog call,"
  And the swamps rang loud with their chorus then,
For the third thaw bro't the "free for all."
And they sang jubilee to the warm days when—
"Sugar-off songs" sank to an echo low,
  Then lapsed to a whisper of "long ago."

O! Where are the girls and where are the boys,
  Who "sugared-off" in the long gone days,
Of the maple trees, with their sweets and joys,
  At the meeting and parting of many ways?
To them as to me is the memory sweet
  Of the cheerful ghost of the sugar-camp-meet?

P. B. W.

Ann Arbor, Mich., March 1, 1911.

Three Heroes of the Piute War

Three heroes, an Indian who gave up chieftainship to minister to his enemies, a white miner who took command of soldiers and snatched victory out of defeat, a negro servant who gave up his life for his friends, loom large among the memories of a Californian, who went West in the golden days of '49. The deeds of these men, showing that heroism knows no distinction of race or color, are told in one remarkable chapter of Mr. S. D. Woods' recent book: "Lights and Shadows of Life on the Pacific Coast."

Joe Bowers, perfect specimen of Indian manhood at its best, was chief of the Inyo Piutes when they declared war against the whites in 1856. He voted for peace, and, when overruled, laid down his chieftainship until the war was over, a hot-headed sub-chief taking his place. He then determined to save the lives of as many whites as he could.

To lonely miners' cabins in far-off canons he went, warning the miners to flee to the fort. He was asked by them what they should do with their possessions, and he said: "Leave them as they are, I will protect them, and when the war is over, come back and you will find them as you leave them." At the door of each cabin he planted a long, slender reed upon which was fixt some mystic symbol. This was notice to the Indians that the cabin and all about it were under his protection. Many a miner, whose life would have been sacrificed, was thus saved.

At one point on the mesas, that lay about the base of Waucoba Mountain, sixty miles from the fort, over a range of lofty mountains, two men had their camp where they were herding over two hundred head of cattle, fattening upon the white sage abundant there. These he warned to flee to the fort, telling them to leave their cattle to him, and that they would be safe. Grateful for their lives thus saved, the men told Bowers that his people during the winter might become hungry, and that for his services he was at liberty to kill as many of the cattle as he chose. This offer was accepted. The same mystic symbol of his protection and authority was posted at this camp; all was saved; strange as it may seem, when the war was over, miners and cattlemen returned to find all as they had left it, except the cattlemen found a pile of heads, twenty in number, carefully preserved as evidence of the number the Indians had killed and eaten. As the men examined these heads, they found that in every instance they were of inferior cattle, and they said to Bowers: "Why, Joe, you killed only the poorest cattle. Why didn't you pick out better ones?" With a winning smile, so common to him, he replied: "Oh, maybe so, poor steer plenty good for Injun."

When the war ended, Bowers, having been justified for his actions, rose again, by the grandeur of his character, to his chieftainship, never thereafter to be challenged. We remember the last time we saw him on a lonely trail crossing the desert mountain between California and Nevada. We were both alone and were surprised to see each other, and I said: "Where are you going, Bowers?" He replied: "Oh, some bad man make trouble between Piutes and I go fix him." It seems to us always afterward that we were glad of our last view of him as he was thus on a mission of mercy.

The white man, W. S. Greenly, was a warm friend of the Piute chief, "as each recognized in the other a man," though "they should have been enemies, for Greenly was the man who led the force that finally defeated the Piutes and destroyed them, broke their war spirit, and ended forever their struggles against the supremacy of the whites." Greenly, who had come into the country to try his fortunes, watched the events of the war, grew restless at the frequent defeats of the United States soldiers, saw something was wrong, and finally took up the matter with the commander of the nearby fort. A plan was formulated "by which he, as leader, and his associates, as his comrades, should offer to the commander of the fort their service as fighters, provided always that Greenly should direct the further campaign and that he should have supreme authority." The Indian forces were encamped about halfway between the fort and Owens Lake, which was distant about sixteen miles. After arming his little band of independent fighters, Greenly determined to visit the Indian camp and try to persuade their chiefs to retire from the conflict.

Eight miles down the desert valley nightly the Indians held their war-dance—their method of keeping hot their hate and courage. Their fires were invisible from the fort, and here several hundred warriors danced themselves into the frenzy of battle.

One night, unarmed, Greenly mounted his horse and left the fort, alone and defenseless except as he was defended by his own courageous and quenchless spirit. He rode through the darkness into the excited camp, and coolly dismounting, tied his horse, entered the council chamber, and called for the chiefs. The audacity of his act compelled their respect, for the Indians are great worshipers of heroes. Far into the night he urged upon the chiefs the hopelessness of their case, the certainty of defeat, and the consequent result. While they gave him respectful attention, they were unmoved, and he might as well have spoken to the dead. As the dawn began to break in the East, he mounted his horse for his return, but not before; as his final word, he had told the chiefs that he would drive them and their warriors into Owens Lake. On his return to the fort he organized his men into fighting order and, supported by the soldiers, started forth to keep his word; and keep his word he did, for after desperate charges and almost hand-to-hand fighting, the Indians began to fall back toward the lake. By Greenly's command, the squaws and pappooses were allowed to escape into the protection of the sagebrush, where they crouched like quail, safe from the onslaught. Slowly the Indians, mile after mile, were pressed down the valley, until before them shone the waters of the sullen lake. Then they remembered Greenly's threat, and they fought with new desperation. But as steady as the march of the sun in the heavens, on and on and on they were pressed, until the shore was reached, and on into the lake. The Indian war was over, and the dead warriors of the tribe floated in the sullen waters.

The memory of this terrible day kept the peace ever afterward.

The third heroic soul disclosed by this war, says Mr. Woods, was a "simple black man—a negro servant who, in an hour of peril, to save those whom he served, gave up his life, his body to multilation and torture." This is the story of the baptism of the peculiar mound rising from the level plain, known as "Charley's Butte."

During one of the fiercest days of the Indian war,

a family consisting of several men, women, and children were fleeing to the fort. In the party was an old negro servant, named Charley, who had been with the family for years. He was a patient, faithful man, always recognizing the relation of a negro to the white man, even in his state of freedom. He was a typical Southern negro, with all the loyalty peculiar to those who lived with and served the Southerners. The party were mounted upon horses, and were urging them to as great speed as possible, over the broken and rocky way toward the fort, still some six miles away.

Just as they forded Owens River, a war-whoop was heard in the distance, and soon there rode into view a band of painted warriors on the war-trail. They had discovered the fleeing family and were riding in fury to cut off their escape. The horses of the fleeing party were worn with long riding, and with whip and spur they failed to preserve the distance between the pursuers and the pursued. Charley, with a little girl in front of him, was riding in the rear. For several miles the life race was kept up, but slowly the warriors gained. At last Charley saw that unless something heroic was done, they would be overtaken and slaughtered. Then it was that his soul acted, and he determined to sacrifice himself for their salvation. Slipping from the horse, he told the little girl to ride as fast as she could and tell those ahead to keep up their run for the fort and lose not a moment. The little girl said: "What are you going to do?" To which he replied: "Never mind what I am going to do, but you ride and do as I tell you." He knew he was facing an awful death at the hands of the infuriated savages, whom he was robbing of their prey.

Armed with a rifle and two revolvers, he turned and faced his foes, calm and certain. His action was notice to the Indians that they were in for a fight, and before that determined negro they halted for conference. These were golden moments, for every second of delay in the chase meant more chance of safety to those who were, as fast as jaded horses could run, fleeing for their lives. The conference over, on came the Indians, charging upon the lone and silent figure of defense and sacrifice. As soon as they were in range, Charley's rifle spoke with deadly aim. Again the Indians were staggered and other moments cut out of the distance to the fort before the flying refugees. The Indians charged again and again, but Charley's revolvers met their charge and thus, until his weapons were empty and he defenseless, he held at bay the charging demons. On their last charge there came no reply, and they rushed upon the defenseless hero, seized him, carried him to a little butte across the river, and after terrible torture and mutilation, burned him to death. And this is why the little mound is, to-day, known as "Charley's Butte." As his torture was producing a wail of unutterable agony, the family rode into the fort and were saved. Find for me, if you can, in any page of heroism a more lofty act of self-sacrifice than this from a poor member of a despised race.—*Literary Digest.*

Extract from Edward Sheldon's Play "The Nigger," in which the reputed son of an old southern family is elected Governor. He learns that his mother was an octoroon and resigns his office. The following words of hope and kindly counsel are spoken by his old friend, the Senator:

"All you've got t' do, son, is fall in line. Theah's no good tryin' t' stop a big ocean wave, you know, an' you might jus' as well do that as stan' up against democracy an' humanity an' civilization an' a lot of othah good things with long names. * * Ev'y niggah's a man. You and me have had mo' time t' push ahead —that's the only diff'rence between us! We're all men an' we're all doin' the same thing—stumblin' an' fallin' t'gethah on our jou'ney t' God. So theah's no use sayin' the las' ranks ain't got no business t' go wheah the fi'st are leadin' 'em. I reckon, suh, that ain't square play! * * * Try an' like the niggahs. Crack a smile, sonny, an' stick out yo' han's an' all pull t'gethah, top an' bottom, rich an' po', black an' white! . . .

"Heah is our American people an' they've done a big, wrong thing, stealin' the niggahs from Africa an' bringin' 'em ovah heah fo' theah own selfish use, an' a thing like that couldn't help endin', as it has ended, in bloody to'ment! We're a-sufferin' it now, but d' you think it's goin' t' last? D' you think we're not a-goin' t' rise up from it a strongah an' a wisah an' a kindah people? D' you think it's not worth while—all this? Why, if it weren't, a thousand times ovah, what would be the use o' strugglin' an' livin' any longah? Why shouldn't ev'ry one get rid of it all by takin' a headah right into the da'k?—*Printed by the Frederick Douglas Center.*

COURAGE, O WORKERS

Blithely the birds in the treetops are shouting their matins.
Hark! do you hear their glad notes—their seraphic rejoicing?
Nay, 'tis the winter's gray fields where we toil and endeavor!
Far in the Southland they warble, those orioles splendid:
Give us their olive and palm, their rich tropical splendor,
Give us their warmth and their ease—then our praise theirs shall equal!

Softly the zephyr chants runes through the leaves of the laurel.
Hush! do you feel on your cheeks its caress as it passes?
Nay, 'tis a Boreal blast from the caves of the Arctic,
Hurling its arrows of sleet, that we feel in our faces!
Somewhere for others—a few—may blow cinnamon breezes;
Not for Man yet as a whole are life's sunny Bermudas.

Up the wide beach curl the crests of the beckoning waters.
Softly they break and submerge the gay circles of bathers
Stretched on the sands or pursuing each other with laughter.
Join in their care-free delight, O my brothers, my comrades!
Nay, through the ice of the ages we strive and go stumbling!
Far from our reach trend the shores of Man's southern Pacific.

Courage, O thinkers! the systems of men are but transient.
Only the system of Man is unique and forever!
Man is the one, the eternal, the mighty, triumphant!
All that is falsehood he spurns as the centuries hasten,
All that is wrong he outgrows as his vision increases;
Man is himself of his future the master and builder.

Courage then, workers! we strive not in vain in the conflict!
Upward he climbs—the rude man-child his glory discovers!
Truth shall be won, and mankind through the truth shall be victor.
Not for a few, but for all, are life's heights and life's splendors—
Summits of thought and of will! of the soul! of the spirit!
Hasten, O earth, to Equality, Brotherhood, Freedom!

JAMES HARCOURT WEST.

Boston.

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For further information with regard to the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences, and the degrees of A. M. and Ph. D., apply to G. W. ROBINSON, *Secretary,* 24 University Hall, Cambridge, Mass.

The Summer School Certificate, stating that examinations and other tests of the same grade as those required in corresponding courses in Harvard College have been fulfilled, and showing the amount of credit for a degree carried by the course, is given for each course satisfactorily completed with a grade of *C,* or higher. In Physical Education a special certificate is awarded to those who complete satisfactorily the four year's course. Students are admitted to a summer course, whether they are candidates for the certificate or not.

The Summer School Certificate is usually accepted for the promotion of teachers, and for exemption from certain of the examinations required for licenses to teach, in localities where examinations are held for these purposes. Teachers desiring to take summer courses with such ends in view are advised to inquire beforehand of the School Authorities at the place where they intend to offer the work, as to what credit will be allowed for it.

Libraries and Museums of the University are open in the summer, including the University Library and Reading-room, the special working-library in Harvard Hall, the library of school and college text-books in Lawrence Hall, the various departmental libraries, the Fogg Art Museum, the Germanic Museum, the Semitic Museum, the Museum of National History, and the Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology. The University Laboratories of Chemistry, Physics, Astronomy, Metallurgy, and Psychology are used for the courses in those subjects.

In Boston the Boston Public Library and the Museum of Fine Arts (open daily, including Sunday, and now fully arranged in its new building) are accessible to students without charge.

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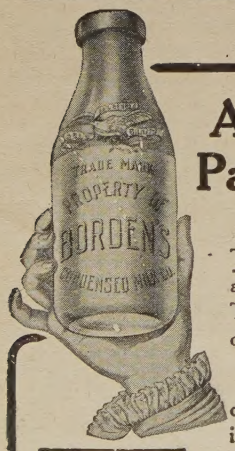

Are You Particular ???

The most important article of food is milk. The most important question is its purity.

Too much care cannot be exercised in the selection of the milkman who is to supply the family with milk.

Supreme for Quality

For over half a century we have given the production, preparation and distribution of milk the most careful study.

Our wagons pass your door every day.

Borden's Condensed Milk Co.

Tel. Central 4209 42 E. Madison St.

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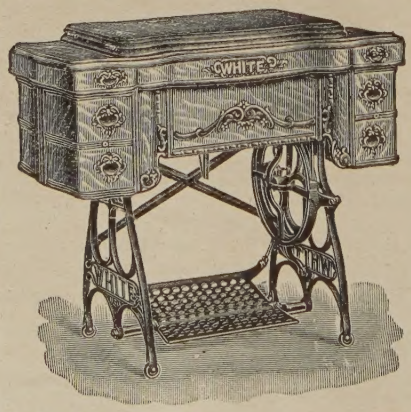
Our No. 35

Rolled Edge Automatic Lift White



A handsome, finely finished machine, furnished with Rolled Edge Renaissance design woodwork, in quarter-sawed golden oak, fitted with automatic lift, nickel plated hand-wheel, beautiful hanging center panel, three drawers at each end of table. ball bearings, and a complete set of the latest style steel attachments.

Repairs and Parts for All Machines.

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White Sewing Machine Company

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